THE SECOND

CHARACTER

OF AN

INFORMER:

WHEREIN HIS

Mischievous Nature

AND

Lewd Practises

Are DETECTED.

LONDON,

Printed for *S. M.* 1682.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

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THE

CHARACTER

OF AN

INFORMER.

AN Informer (I mean of the baſer ſort) whoſe Picture only is here intended to be drawn) Is one of the Devils *Nut hooks*; a Priviledg'd *Trapan*, or a Common *Barretor* under pretence of Authority: A *Petty-fogging* Catterpillar that ſcandalizes the Law, by making it acceſſary to his Rapines and Oppreſſions; a new Trapp for the Tongue, that *Lime-twigs* all that come near him, and puts moſt that he converſes with, on the *Tenter-hooks* of an Indictment for nothing.

A miſcheivous *Vermin*, bred out of the Corruption of the Body Politick; that feeds (like Toads) only on Poyſons and ſucks the peccant Humours ſo long (like a Horſe-leach) till he burſt with Venom, or is forced to diſgorge by the *Emetick* quality of a *Halter*: He makes good the old Maxim, *Summum Jus, Summa Injuria*; and cuts Juſtice's *Ballance* to peices with her own Sword; He takes all *Law*, and never troubles his head with *Equity* or *Religion*, unleſs it be only to ſuppreſs them, and having no *Conſcience* himſelf, is reſolved to be a *Plague* to all thoſe that dare own they have any: He never opens his Mouth but you ſhall ſee it Lin'd

with some old dormant Piece of *Poulton*, whom he Reads meerly as *Conjurers* do Scripture, to do mischief with it; You would think him bred a Glazier, he is so apt to pick Quarrels; or some broken *Merchant* that has flung his soul over-board, to make himself every way a Compleat *Bankrupt*. He will Court a man to beat him, that he may worry him next Sessions for the Battery, and drop dangerous words on purpose to Prosecute you for Concealing them; Presentments, Citations, Warrants, Convictions, Seazures, *&c.* are his universal Language; and he is better acquainted with the Form of an *Indictment*, than his *Pater Noster*, for he never names *God*, but when he *Swears* by Him.

His Revenue consists in *Actions Popular*, and his whole Imployment is to go a Fishing with *Penal Statutes*; he thinks by that to take store of *Fat Gudgeons*, but at last catches only a *Frogg*? for his malicious Projects; (like Chymical Attempts of *Transmuting* Mettals) seldom answer the trouble and Charge; and his mighty Incomes of *Penalties* can but just purchase *Ale* enough to make him *drunk*, and afterwards he is forced to run on Tick (at a *Friends*) for *Coffee* to make him *Sober*, if he may be said ever to be so; whose Hair brained Skull is perpetually *Harry-can'd* with Malice, and in Child-bed throws till tis Delivered of some New-minted *Villany*.

There is nothing in Nature so base and Contemptible as one of his *Quality*; a *Bum Baily* is a worthy Gentleman to him, and the *Apparator* scorns his Company more then a *Phanatick* does a *Parsons*: the Boys stare on him as a Monster; Big bellied Women are ready to Miscarry at the sight of him, and People generally avoid his Converse as they would do the *Pestilence*, and indeed they have reason, for he is one of Gods more greivous *Judgments*; Squire *Ketch* himself would not endure the Scandal of drinking a Pot with him, were he not in certain hopes of a future *Advantage* by him? A Popish *Fire-*

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ball Flinger is not more hated in the City then he, only the *Justices Clarke*, and he call *Cozens*, because he brings the most Grist to his Mill, and warrants him a Trade.

The Wise *Athenians* (we read) Banisht a *Coffin maker* out of their City, because the cause of his Mirth was others sadness; what would they have done with such a *Setting-Dogg*, (who like a Beast of Prey) lives wholly on mischief, and can neither eat nor drink, without some Law be violated; so that if ever he say any *Prayers*, they are only that Men may daily encrease their Crimes, and Act more unlawful things; that his Gains may rise proportionably. For though like a Cunning Archer, he seems to make the Publique Service the Mark of his aim, yet he squints aside at his own Ends, which are the true Butt all the Arrows of his Prosecutions are shot at: He pretends himself a Zealot for the Law, and the Churches chief *Scavinger*; but is in truth a prostituted Varlet, and for all him, *Episcopacy* might lye in the Kennel, and Acts of Parliament (though never so just and necessary) stop Mustard pots, if he did not hope to get a spill by them. And for Two pence Advance, from either *Geneva* or *Rome*, I'le undertake the same Fellow would burn the *Common Prayer*, and tear *Magna Charta* to pieces, if he have not don it already.

Whatever boasts therefore he makes of his *Loyalty* or *Orthodoxness*, those that wear any eyes about them will judge so bad a man can scarce make the best Subject, and that we are like to have a Glorious *Reformation*, when open *Prophaneness* is imployed to Correct supposed *Heresies*: A good Cause is undoubtedly scandaliz'd by such *vile* Instruments, and could not but blush to see those Prosecute Persons for *Ceremonial Nonconformities*, who are themselves so much *unconformable* to all the Fundamental Laws of *Religion* and *Morality*? do's it not sound excellently to hear one of these Promoting Doctors cry out, *Damn me, before I have done I'le make*

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all those Phanatique Sons of Whores come to our Church, and serve the Lord gallantly. Is not this think you, A fit Agent to proselyte Dissenters? A rare *Saints Bell* to Ring all into the Organs? Yet examine his Pedigree, and you must confess him descended of an ancient Stock, being the Son of *Abaddon*, or a natural By-blow of *Belsebubs*; whom without breach of Charity, we may conclude to be the first Founder of this Order of Informants, since the Scripture reckons amongst his Titles, That of *Accuser of the Brethren*, Nor is he less nobly Allied, For *Hamman* and *Judas* were his two Elder Brothers, and Free of the same *Trade*, though both Hanged, which serves only as an *Omen* of what at least he deserves, though the times should prove so *unjust* as not to give it him. His Younger Years were but an Apprentiship in *Debauchery*, and having by *Lust* and *Riot*, consumed his Patrimony; or what he could *Cozen* others of, He now imagines to retrieve a Fortune by *Spoyling* and wasting those that have been either more *Pious* or *Industrious*: He has *broke* oftner than a Town Gallant has been Clapt, and followed more Tricks than a Country Mercer usurps Trades; But all *failing*, The Devil in pure pitty wisht him to this *New* Imploy, and furnisht him with a prodigious *Stock* of Wickedness to set up with; yet being unwilling to trust him without *Security*, he freely made a *Morgage* of his *Soul*, and Swears he has cheated the Subtle *Fiend*, because it was *Forfeited* long before. He is now as *eager* after his Pray as a half-starv'd Cormorant, and cares not though he Ruine *half* a Nation, to supply his own prodigalities, Being so perfectly Mercenary, That he *would* accuse his *own* Father (if he did but know him) of Treason, and burn his Mother for a *Witch*, to get *Sixpence*: He values an *Oath* no more than a Gamester, and swallows *Perjuries* as fast and as easily as a Juggler does Pins and Daggers.

He *Ferrets* a *Conventicle* just as a *Poll-cat* does Rabbets in their

their Burroughs, and the *Rich* men there *skulk* down in their Pews when they see him come in, dreading him more than Partridg does a Hawk, or a City Crack a *Marshal's Man*. I never before knew the meaning of that Latine Proverb, *Lupus in Fabula*, but now I guess the English to be *An INFORMER* in a *Meeting-House*, for sure the sight of him is enough to make a *Teacher Hoarse*; most of the day he spends *per...ue* in blind Ale-houses, and little Sallies, to discover who hath the *Impud...nce* to serve God, and before Night he is sure to be in the Crown Office: A. *Justice of Peace* can never be at quiet for him; and the honest *Constable* looks upon him as his *Evil Genius* that is perpetually haunting and Egging him on to mischief: Let not any *Mandamus-Man* grown rich, and from stiching of Primers Come to be one of the *Masters* (and always *Masterless*) in the Company, cry this is my *Character* right. I remember how in the Parish of St. *Buttolphs*, so hot was my zeal for the Cause, I affrighted the whole Congregation, by causing the Constable to fetch men from their Prayers, to disturb a Non Conformist meeting, and when I had done retired my self to my *Devotions* in the Tavern, whilst the Dissenting Brethren, by my order, as *Cheu ch-wa den* of the Parish were had before the Justice. O excellent Zeal fit to be recorded by our great scurilous Historians, The Grand *Observator*, the impudent *Heraclitus*, and the Popish *Implement Thompson*. It is the shortest way to preferment and the busie *Mandamus Informer*, not considering the vileness of the Office, shall disturb a whole Neighbourhood under the Notion of *Duty*, publick *Zeal*, and with a squinting Eye of hope of making *Hornbooks* at *Forty shillings* a piece. He cares not though he sees Popery at the doors, *Gain* is already his Idol, He has set it up in his Heart, and thinks it but a Picadillo to bow down to the *Image* of our *Lady*, or to worship the Rising Sun, so he may be rewarded, promoted, and advanced to Office. The Constable complains of his Zeal, and the Neighbours are afraid to come near him,

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leſt he ſhould make them his Evil Inſtrument againſt their minds and Conſciences. Yet though he be thus troubleſom to others, he is ſtill his *own* greateſt Enemy, for whilſt he *Deſigns* harm to others, it redounds to himſelf, And *Good Men* like *Cammomile* grows the better (perhaps the more *numerous* and faſter) for his treading them down, He being only as a *black Ground* to ſet of the *luſtre* of their Merits, ſince often times whilſt Malice ſeeks to *wound*, it *cures* thoſe againſt whom tis Level'd, and *deſtroys* it ſelf, like the *Glaſs* that Reverberating the Serpents Poyſon *Kill'd* her with her own weapon.

Juſt as he gets his Money he ſpends it, For as he takes Wages to fight againſt God, ſo he lays it out again in the Service of the *Devil*, Conſuming in Bawdy Houſes, what he gets by Surprizing Meeting Houſes: So that his Rapines not being able to ſupply his prodigal *Debaucheries*, and his *Helliſh Deſigns*, being blaſted by Heaven, He is either forced at laſt to caſt Anchor in a Goal, or elſe is mowed down as a Noxious Weed by the Syth of Juſtice: To which deſerved Fate I leave, *&c.*

I leave him, if in the mean time his guilty *Conſcience* (hitherto *ſmothered*) do not before *Revive* and Condemn him, And he himſelf ſave the *Hangman* a Labour by *preventing* Him.

——— *Dabit Deus his quoque FINEM,*
alias
FUNEM.